I with great truth catch mere ſimplicity,
Whilſt ſome with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plaineſſe I do were mine bare:
Feare not my truth, the morrall of my wit,
Is plaine and true? ther's all the reach of it,
Welcome ſir *Diomed*, here is the Lady,
Which for *Antenor* we deliuer you.
At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſſe thee what ſhe is
Entreate her faire, and by my ſoule faire Greeke,
If ere thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword:
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhalbe as ſafe,
As *Priam* is in Illion?

Diom. Faire Ladie *Creſſid*,
So pleaſe you ſaue the thankes this Prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire vſage, and to *Diomed*,
You ſhalbe miſtres, and command him wholy.

Troy. Grecian thou do'ſt not vſe me curteouſly,
To ſhame the ſeale of my petition to thee:
In praiſing her. I tell thee Lord of Greece,
She is as farre high ſoaring ore thy praiſes:
As thou vnworthy to be call'd her ſeruant,
I charge thee vſe her well, euen for my charge:
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou doſt not,
Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard,
Ile cut thy throate.

Diom. Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troylus*,
Let me be priueledg'd by my place and meſſage:
To be a ſpeaker free? when I am hence,
Ile anſwer to my luſt, and know you Lord
Ile nothing do on charge, to her owne worth,
Shee ſhalbe priz'd: but that you ſay be't ſo,
I ſpeake it in my ſpirit and honour no.

Troy. Come to the port Ile tel thee *Diomed*,
This braue ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head,
Lady giue me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne ſelues bend we our needfull talke.

Paris,